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CARLISLE

IN

BALLAD and STORY

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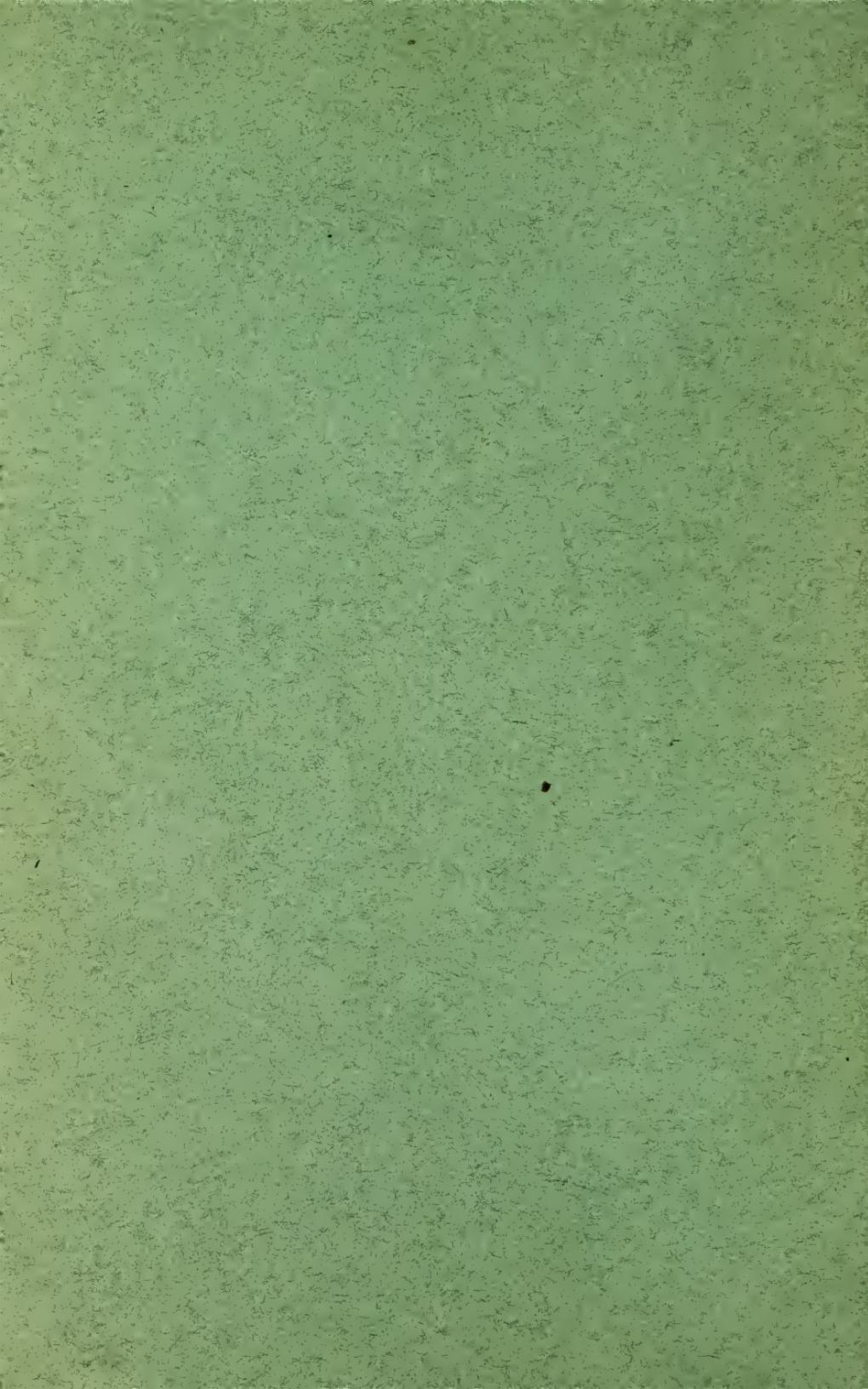
JAMES WALTER BROWN.



CARLISLE:

CHAS. THURNAM & SONS, 11 ENGLISH STREET.

1912.



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CARLISLE IN BALLAD and STORY

BY

JAMES WALTER BROWN.

A Lecture delivered before the Carlisle Scientific and Literary Society, on October 31st, 1911; and, by request, to the Cumberland and Westmorland Association of London, on February 21st, 1912.



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CARLISLE IN BALLAD AND STORY.

BY JAMES WALTER BROWN.

I.

CARLISLE IN BALLAD.

At what period in its long history this little plot of ground, which for more than twenty centuries has been called by some variant of its existing name of Carlisle, first won the meed of song, is beyond the reach of chronicle. It may have been that some Druid bard, with prophetic eye looking beyond the light of his little day, chanted of its future; or haply some Roman sentinel, pacing his weary watch along the wall across the river, may have invoked Apollo to guard the silent town wherein his mistress lay sleeping. Of that we can only conjecture, but this we may say with assurance,—there are in our island few places whose life through successive centuries has been so enshrined in song as has that of our own Border city; and it is largely due to Carlisle having for so long been a Border stronghold that it has gained this renown.

Carlisle of the ballads was not the spreading city which we know to-day. Even up till the Jacobite period its small area was bounded by the city walls, the houses outside being few and straggling. Those walls ran from the English Gate, west of the present Court Houses, along the West Walls to the Castle, and from thence by the line of West Tower Street, East Tower Street, and Lowther Street, back to the English Gate; the greatest length of this enclosure, from south to north, being only some eight

or nine hundred yards, and its widest breadth, from west to east, being less than half that distance.

ARTHURIAN BALLADS.

In thinking of Carlisle in Ballad, our mind naturally reverts to King Arthur, and the mystic legends which cluster round his famous court. The identity of Carlisle with the Caerluel of the Arthurian poems has been held in doubt, but we are loath to part with our traditions, and so cling to our belief in their authenticity; nor are we without good warrant for doing so. Against the supposition that Caerluel was one with Caerleon in Wales we have the authority of so careful an investigator as Tennyson. His “Caerleon upon Usk” is decisive, but in “Lancelot and Elaine” he clearly differentiates between that place and Caerluel. “Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable,” guarding the sacred shield of Lancelot, made for it a case of silk, for its protection in her chamber, up a tower to the east, and day by day climbed that eastern tower—

Stript off the case, and read the naked shield,
Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,
And every scratch a lance had made upon it,
Conjecturing when and where : this cut is fresh ;
That ten years back ; this dealt him at Caerlyle ;
That at Caerleon ; this at Camelot.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

An early poem in ballad form containing mention of Carlisle is “The Boy and the Mantle,” printed by Bishop Percy, who from 1778 to 1782 was Dean of Carlisle, in his “Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.” He gives two versions of it, one verbatim from the folio MS. which was his authority, and the other “revised and altered by a modern hand,”—presumably his own.

It treats of King Arthur's court, and ordeals for constancy—

In the third day of May
To Carleile did come
A kind curteous child
That cold [knew] much of wisdome.

A kirtle and a mantle
This child had uppon,
With brouches and ringes
Full richelye bedone.

.
God speed thee, King Arthur,
Sitting at thy meate :
And the goodly Queen Guenever,
I canott her forgett.

.
He plucked out of his poterner [pouch],
And longer wold not dwell,
He pulled forth a pretty mantle
Betweene two nut-shells.

Have thou here, King Arthur ;
Have thou heere of mee :
Give itt to thy comely queene,
Shapen as itt is alreadye.

Queen Guinivere, and others, ladies of her court, are in turn proffered this mantle to wear, with consequences disastrous to them, until finally it is donned by Sir Craddocke's ladye.

When she had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about,
Upp at her great toe
It began to crinkle and crowt :
She said, Bowe downe, mantle,
And shame me not for nought.

Once I did amysse,
I tell you certainlie,
When I kist Craddocke's mouth
Under a greene tree,
When I kist Craddocke's mouth
Before he marryed mee.

When shee had her shreeven,
 And her sines shee had tolde,
 The mantle stood about her
 Right as she wolde :
 Seemlye of coulour
 Glittering like gold :

And her constancy is proved by mantle, knife, and horn.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

Bishop Percy gives also two versions of “The Marriage of Sir Gawaine,” which he said he had reason to believe was more ancient than the time of Chaucer, and which furnished that poet with his “Wife of Bath’s Tale.” It begins—

King Arthur lives in merry Carleile
 And seemely is to see,
 And there with him queene Guenever,
 That bride soe bright of blee.

This ballad is of interest as identifying the Carleile of the poems with our Carlisle; for the villain of the story is a bold baron of gigantic stature, whose castle is at Tearne-Wadling, near High Hesket, midway between Carlisle and Penrith. To subdue this “foul discourteous knight,” King Arthur departs from Carlisle, but he is vanquished by the spells of a black magician who is in league with the baron, and he is only allowed to escape on his swearing by the rood that he will return on the following New Year’s Day and answer the riddle “What is it that women most desire?” He can find no satisfactory solution until he meets a repulsive old hag, clad in a scarlet cloak, who promises to reveal the secret on condition that King Arthur will marry her to some gallant knight. This he vows to do, and is told that “Women most desire to have their own will.” Sir Gawaine, out of love for the King, marries the beldame, whereupon the spell which had bound her is broken, and she becomes once more “a faire ladye.”

If Percy's doubtful surmise be correct, Carlisle was known as "merrie" at least as long ago as the fourteenth century. Its claim to that epithet has often been disputed, but everything depends upon the meaning attached to the word. Dr. Brewer says that it is not "mirthful," but active, brisk,—as in "merry men,"—"merry weather," "a merry gale." The late Mr. Robert Ferguson, in his "Teutonic Name System," derives it from the old Teutonic *mer*,—famous, illustrious,—and certainly its record of deeds of derring-do fully entitles it to that appellation.

As regards the pronunciation of the word, no native would ever think of calling it anything except Car'-lisle, but strangers almost invariably say Car-lisle'. It will be observed that the first of the two ballads quoted accents it Car'-leile, and the second Car-leile', which is no doubt due to the exigencies of the rhythm. A word which is so accommodating in that respect is useful to the rhymer, but we will stick to Car'-lisle.

The local name for the city is Carel, the origin of which is perplexing, for it is not suggested by Carlisle. It is, however, closely akin to Caerluel, and it seems quite possible that the veritable old British name has been thus orally transmitted for two thousand years.

That Sir Walter Scott had no hesitation in identifying Carlisle with the Arthurian Caerluel is evidenced by "Lyulph's Tale" in "The Bridal of Triermain," which opens with

King Arthur has ridden from merry Carlisle
When Pentecost was o'er ;
He journeyed like errant-Knight the while,
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
 On mountain, moss, and moor.
Above his solitary track
Rose Glaramara's ridgy back—

which shows that his path led down to the Cumberland lakes. Later in the poem appears—

The heralds named the appointed spot,
As Caerleon or Camelot,
Or Carlisle fair and free—

and the dower of King Arthur's daughter comprised

Both fair Strath-Clyde and Reged wide,
And Carlisle town and tower.

It will be observed that Sir Walter avails himself of the rhythmic licence by introducing both “merry Car-lisle” and “Car'-lisle fair and free.”

ADAM BELL.

We will now leap across the centuries, how many in number we know not, to “Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslie.” Here we are indubitably in our own Carlisle. “Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslie,”—what fragrance of romance rises from the very names of these denizens of Englewood or Inglewood Forest, called in the ballad “Englishwood,” whose skill with the good long-bow will live in memory while Shakespeare is read. For it has been given immortality in “Romeo and Juliet,” where Mercutio says, mockingly, to Romeo—

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.

Theobald states that Adam Bell is also meant in “Much Ado about Nothing,” when Benedick says of falling in love—

If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.

It should be borne in mind that these ballads were made to be sung; and, for the purposes of this paper,

Mr. Thomas Lattimer, of London, has very kindly searched out, at the British Museum, several of their traditional tunes. (See Appendix.)

Who the redoubtable outlaws were is beyond knowledge, but probably the mountain of fiction arose from some molehill of truth. The ballad is divided into three parts or fytes. It opens with the true ring—

Mery it was in the grene forest
 Among the levēs grene,
 Whereas men hunte east and west
 With bowes and arrowes kene ;
 To raise the dere out of theyr denne ;
 Such sightes hath oft been sene ;
 As by thre yemen of the north countrey
 By them it is I meane.
 The one them bight Adam Bel,
 The other Clym of the Clough,
 The thyrd was William of Cloutesly,
 An archer good ynough.

They were “outlawed for venyson,” and so, after the manner of Robin Hood and his merrie men, they betook themselves to Inglewood Forest. “Two of them were single men,” but Wyllyam had “wedded a fere,” and, against the counsel of Adam, he resolved that—

To Carleile he would fare
 For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife,
 And with his children thre.

He toke hys leave of his brethren two,
 And to Carlile he is gon :
 Then he knocked at his own windowe
 Shortlye and anone.

Fayre Alice admitted him and “fetched him meate and drynke plentye,” but—

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
 A lytle besyde the fyre,
 Whych Wylliam had found of charytyè,
 More than seven yere—

and this ingrate betrayed him to justice.

They raysed the towne of mery Carleile
 In all the haste they can ;
 And came thronging to Wyllyame's house,
 As fast as they might gone.

Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,
 Syth it wyll no better be,
 And brenne we therein William, he saide,
 Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the house in many a place,
 The fyre flew up on hye :
 Alas ! then cryed fayre Alice,
 I se we here shall dye.

William opened a backe window,
 That was in hys chamber hie,
 And there with sheetes he did let downe
 His wyfe and children three.

Having shot all his arrows, he issues forth with sword and buckler; and, after doing mighty deeds of prowess, is captured, and thrown into a deep dungeon.

A payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,
 Now shall I for thee make :
 And the gates of Carleil shal be shutte :
 No man shall come in therat.

Then shall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
 Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
 Though they came with a thousand mo,
 Nor all the devels in hell.

While they are erecting "that gallow-tre" in the market place, "besyde the pyllorye," a little boy, the town swineherd, learns that it is meant for William of Clouteslie; and, creeping out by "a crevis of the wall," he carries the news to Adam and Clym, who determine to rescue their comrade.

Part the Second deals with the rescue. By a trick the outlaws obtain entrance through the city gate, call the porter, "and wrang his necke in two," cast him into a

dungeon and secure his keys. Entering the market place, they find Cloudeslie ready there in a cart, bound hand and foot—

And a stronge rop about hys necke,
All readye for to hange.

They shoot down the justice and the sheriff, release Cloudeslie, and, having spent all their arrows, with sword and buckler fight their way back to the gate.

The picture of mediæval Carlisle which follows is of great interest.

There was an out-horne in Carleil blowen,
And the belles backward dyd ryng,
Many a woman sayde, Alas !
And many theyr handes dyd wryng.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
With a pollaxe in hys hande ;
Many a strong man with hym was
There in that stowre to stande.

The mayre smot at Cloudesly with his bil,
Hys bucler he brast in two ;
Keep well the gates fast, they bad,
That these traytours therout not go.

But of course the gallant three make good their escape.

Here we seem to breathe in the very atmosphere of mediæval Carlisle. It is tolerably certain that the ballad was written round some act of daring akin to the rescue of Kinmont Willie in later days, and that the balladist was familiar with the places described. How real appear the city walls, with their crevices and their gates; the market place, where stand the pillory and the new gallows; the little town swineherd, who took the citizens' swine out into the forest to seek their food, and among the rest “kept fayre Alyce's swyne”; the blustering sheriff, the busy justice and the masterful mayor: how all these stand out of the canvas like living beings.

In Part the Third the outlaws betake themselves once more to Inglewood Forest, and there William of Cloudeslie finds his wife and three children. Taking counsel together, he and his fellows determine to go to London and plead for the King's pardon, which, by the intercession of the Queen they obtain; but it is scarcely well granted before messengers arrive from "Carlisle in the north countrie."

How fareth my justice, said the kyng,
And my sherife also?
Syr, they be slayne without leasygne,
And many an officer mo.

Who hath them slayne? said the kyng;
Anone that thou tell me.
Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,
And Wylyam of Cloudeslè.

The Kyng hee opened the letter anone,
Himself he red it thro,
And founde how these outlawes had slain
Thre hundred men and mo:

First the justice, and the sheryfe,
And the mayre of Carleile towne;
Of all the constables and catchipolles
Alyve were scant left one:

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,
And the sergeauntes of the law,
And forty fosters of the fe,
These outlawes had yslaw:

And broke his parkes, and slayne his dere,
Of all they chose the best:
So perelous outlawes, as they were,
Walked not by easte nor west.

Howbeit their pardon was finally confirmed, and they

. came and dwelled with the kyng,
And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen;
God send them eternall blysse;
And all, that with a hand-bowe shoteth,
That of heven may never mysse. Amen.

It is worthy of mention that, although it is believed that many of the balladists were northern men, yet neither in the Arthurian ballads, nor in those of the later period of which “Adam Bell” may be taken as an example, is there any trace of our Cumberland dialect, much of which is drawn from the speech used by the Danish settlers here long anterior to the time of the minstrels.

BARBARA ALLAN.

It may perhaps not be generally known that Carlisle has been identified, by some, as the dwelling place of the fair but cruel Barbara Allan, it being conjectured that the ballad began, not “In Scarlet town” but “In Carlisle town where I was born.” Percy prints a second version under the title of “Sir John Grehme and Barbara Allan: A Scottish Ballad,” which, although it gives no name to the locality, might suggest Carlisle, because of its propinquity to the Graham “west country.”

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the greene leaves wer a fallen.
That Sir John Grehme o' the west countrye
Fell in love wi' Barbara Allan.

The fateful consequences to them both are well known.

BORDER BALLADS.

HUGHIE THE GRÆME.

We now arrive at the period of the Border ballads, pure and simple, and in dealing with these we naturally turn to Sir Walter Scott’s first published book, “The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,” issued from the Kelso press in 1802.

Of the ballads given in Scott’s “Minstrelsy” having reference to Carlisle, probably the earliest in chronological order is “Hughie the Græme.” Bishop Nicolson suspects

that this particular Hughie is one of many Græmes against whom bills of complaint were exhibited to Robert Aldridge, Bishop of Carlisle, about 1553, for crimes akin to that with which Hughie is accused in the ballad, which opens—

Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gone,
He has ridden o'er moss and muir,
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,
For stealing o' the Bishop's mare.

They fight single handed until—

Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,
All for to take brave Hughie the Græme.

Then they hae grippit Hughie the Græme,
And brought him up through Carlisle town :
The lasses and lads stood on the walls,
Crying “Hughie the Græme, thou'se ne'er gae down !”

Then they hae chosen a jury of men,
The best that were in Carlisle town ;
And twelve of them cried out at once,
“Hughie the Græme, thou must gae down !”

A Carlisle jury of those days made short work with offenders such as Hughie the Græme, and in spite of ransom proffered by “the gude Lord Hume” of twenty white owsen, and by “the gude Lady Hume” of a peck of white pennies, Hughie added one more to the proverbial Scotsmen who come across the Border and never go back.

HOBBIE NOBLE

The fate of Hobbie Noble was even more pitiful, for he died through treachery. Hobbie was an Englishman, but had been outlawed, and had fled across the Border, where he took up his abode with the Armstrong clan. In an earlier ballad, “Jock o’ the Syde,” it is told—

Now Hobbie was an Englishman,
In Bewcastle-dale was bred and born ;
But his misdeeds they were sae great
They banished him ne'er to return—

and in that ballad he is described as taking part in the rescue of Jock o' the Syde from Newcastle Jail.

Incensed by Hobbie's depredations upon his native country, the English offered bribes to the Armstrongs to betray their guest, and accordingly five of them appointed a tryst with him at Kershope-burn to ride into England. Arrived in Bewcastle Waste, they send word

. . . . to the land-sergeant,
In Askerton where that he lay,

and the land-sergeant's men and the traitorous Armstrongs between them secure their prisoner.

They hae ta'en him on for west Carlisle,
They asked him if he ken'd the way?
Though much he thought yet little he said ;
He knew the gate as weel as they.

They hae ta'en him up the Ricker-gate ;
The wives they cast their windows wide ;
And every wife to another can say,
"That's the man loosed Jock o' the Side!"

Hobbie meets his fate manfully—

Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton,
For I think again I'll ne'er thee see ;
I wad hae betrayed nae lad alive,
For a' the gowd o' Christentie.

And fare thee weel, sweet Liddesdale !
Baith the hie land and the low ;
Keep ye weel frae the traitor Mains !
For gowd and gear he'll sell ye a'.

Yet wad I rather be ca'd Hobbie Noble,
In Carlisle, where he suffers for his fau't,
Than I'd be ca'd the traitor Mains,
That eats and drinks o' the meal and mant !

It is some satisfaction to know that Sim o' the Mains, who sold Hobbie to his enemies, fled into England to escape from his chief's resentment, and was himself executed at Carlisle about two months after Hobbie Noble's death.

DICK O' THE COW.

Dick o' the Cow, the hero of another raiding ballad, would appear to have been jester to Lord Scroope at the time when he was Governor of Carlisle Castle, toward the close of the sixteenth century. Johnnie Armstrong and his brother Willie, of the Mangerton branch, ride into England as far as Hutton Hall, in search of booty—

But the laird he was the wiser man,
For he had left nae gear without.

They are, however, aware, that Dick has three gude kye, and these they resolve to take—

Then they have come to the puir folk's house,
And they hae broken his wa's sae wide;
They have loosed out Dick o' the Cow's three kye
And ta'en three co'erlets frae his wife's bed.

Dickie in his sore plight goes to Lord Scroope, and seeks leave “to gae to Liddesdale and steal,” which is granted upon condition that he will steal only from those who stole from him. He replies—

There is my trouth, and my right hand !
My head shall hang on Hairibee ;
I'll ne'er cross Carlisle sands again,
If I steal frae a man but whae sta' frae me

Dickie sets forth on his expedition, and on reaching Puddingburn House, the home of the Armstrongs, finds it occupied by three and thirty of that clan. When he tells them that he is out in search of the three kye they have stolen from him they threaten his life, but ultimately put him into an old peathouse to sleep. During the night he breaks into their stable where he finds thirty horses and three. Thirty of these he ties with St. Mary's knot,—in other words, hamstrings,—and of the three remaining he decamps with two. In the morning Johnnie Armstrong follows him on the horse which had been left uninjured, and overtakes him on Cannobie Lee. They fight, and Dickie conquers, strikes his antagonist unconscious,

relieves him of his steel jack, steel cap, and two-handed sword, as well as of his horse, and reports himself to Lord Scroope. He disposes of two of the horses to Lord Scroope and his brother, for £20 each and two good kye, and departs to Brough under Stanemore, to dwell in safety from the Armstrongs' revenge.

GRÆME AND BEWICK.

The ballad “Græme and Bewick” tells a different story.

Gude Lord Græme is to Carlisle gane ;
Sir Robert Bewick there met he ;
And arm in arm to the wine they go,
And they drank till they were baith merrie.

In their cups they fall a-quarrelling about their sons, who are “billies dear,”—friends like brothers. Bewick taunts Lord Græme with his son’s lack of learning. He says—

Ye sent him to the schools, and he wadna learn ;
Ye bought him books, and he wadna read.

Græme replies—

But my blessing shall he never earn,
Till I see how his arm can defend his head.

On reaching home he tells his son, Christie Græme—

It’s I hae been at Carlisle town,
And a baffled man by thee I be :

and insists that he must fight either with young Bewick, or with him, his own father—

Then Christie Græme’s to his chamber gane,
To consider weel what then should be ;
Whether he should fight with his auld father,
Or with his billie Bewick, he.

“If I suld kill my billie dear,
God’s blessing I shall never win ;
But if I strike at my auld father,
I think ’twald be a mortal sin.

But if I kill my billie dear,
 It is God's will, so let it be ;
 But I make a vow, ere I gang frae hame,
 That I shall be the next man's dee."

He seeks his friend, forces a quarrel upon him, mortally wounds him, and himself finds death in like manner as Saul sought it on Mount Gilboa, by falling on his own sword's point. Bewick comes to his son while he is still alive—

"Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,
 "For I think ye hae gotten the victorie."

"O hald your tongue, my father dear !
 Of your prideful talking let me be !
 Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,
 And let me and my billie be.

Gae dig a grave baith wide and deep,
 And a grave to hald baith him an me ;
 But lay Christie Græme on the sunny side,
 For I'm sure he won the victorie."

THE FRAY OF SUPORT.

"The Fray of Suport," which was included by Scott in the "Minstrelsy," is not a genuine old ballad, but was written by Surtees, who imposed it upon Sir Walter as being traditional. It however gives such a vivid picture of the brutalities which accompanied a midnight raid that it claims mention here, even although it contains only slight reference to Carlisle. It is put into the mouth of an Englishwoman, living at Suport, or Solport, in Nicol Forest, whose byres have been utterly despoiled during the previous night by marauders from over the Border. She summons her friends and neighbours to the hot-trod, and, virago-like, taunts them with their indifference and lack of vigilance.

Sleep'ry Sim of the Lamb-hill,
 And snoring Jock of Suport-mill,
 Ye are baith right het and fou' ;—
 But my wae wakens na you ;

Last night I saw a sorry sight—
 Nought left me o' four-and-twenty gude ousen
 and kye,
 My weel-ridden gelding, and a white quey,
 But a toom byre and a wide,
 And the twelve nogs on ilka side.
 Fy, lads, shout a', a', a', a', a',
 My gear's a' gane.

Weel may ye ken,
 Last night I was right scarce o' men :
 But Toppet Hob o' the Mains had guestened in my
 house by chance ;
 I set him to wear the fore-door wi' the speir, while
 I kept the back door wi' the lance ;
 But they hae run him thro' the thick o' the thie,
 and broke his knee-pan,
 And the mergh of his shin-bane has run down on
 his spur-leather whang :
 He's lame while he lives, and where'er he may gang.

To each man, by name, she appoints his place in the pursuit; now flattering, again stirring up to revenge for bygone injuries, and once more upbraiding—

Rise, ye carle coopers, frae making o' kirns and tubs,
 In the Nicol Forest woods,
 Your craft has na left the value of an oak rod,
 But if you had ony fear o' God,
 Last night ye had na slept sae sound,
 And let my gear be a' ta'en.

Then she boasts of her generalship, by which she has secured all the fords across the Liddel river,—

Sae whether they be Elliots or Armstrongs,
 Or rough riding Scots, or rude Johnstones,
 Or whether they be from the Tarras or Ewsdale,
 They maun turn and fight, or try the deeps o' Liddel.

At another point—

Lang Aicky, in the Souter Moor,
 Wi' his sleuth-dog sits in his watch right sure ;
 Shou'd the dog gie a bark
 He'll be out in his sark,
 And die or won.
 Ha ! boys ! I see a party appearing—wha's yon ?

Captain Musgrave and a' his band,
 Are coming down by the Siller-strand,
 And the muckle toun-bell o' Carlisle is rung :
 My gear was a' weel won,
 And, before it's carried o'er the Border, mony a man's
 gae down.
 Fy, lads ! shout a', a', a', a', a',
 My gear's a' gane.

A bell which may probably be the muckle town-bell in question is now in the Museum at Tullie House. This bell hung in the Town Hall clock turret, and upon it the hours were struck, until 1886; in which year it was cracked and rendered useless by a fire.

KINMONT WILLIE.

Of “Kilmont Willie” what more can be said than has already been better said times without number? Yet, when speaking of “Carlisle in Ballad,” it is imperative that the story must be told once more.

Willie of Kilmont belonged to the Gilnockie branch of the powerful Armstrong clan. A stark mosstrooper, skilled in strategy, fearless of danger, impetuous and unscrupulous, he and his freebooting band had by frequent successful raids made themselves detested and dreaded on the south side of the Border. Contemporaneous reports state that, in 1592, 100 Armstrongs dwelt with him; and that, in 1584, he made a raid into Tynedale and took away 40 score kye and oxen, three score horses and mares, 500 sheep, burned 60 houses, spoiled the same to the value of £2,000 sterling, and slew ten men. It was therefore but natural that his capture should be ardently desired by the English Borderers.

In the year 1596 the English Warden of the West Marches was Lord Scroope, the Warden on the Scottish side

being the Laird of Buccleuch, keeper of Liddesdale. In March of that year a day of truce was held at "the Dayholme of Kershoup, quhare a burne divides England from Scotland." Buccleuch's deputy was Robert Scott of Haining, and Salkeld of Corby was deputy for Lord Scroope.

By Border law, upon pain of death presently to be executed, all persons attending such meetings were held safe from molestation from the time of meeting until sunrise on the next day, and this rule was punctiliously observed, even in the case of the most notorious malefactors. Relying upon such good faith, Kinmont, who had attended the gathering, quietly held his way homeward on the Scottish side of the River Liddel, having but three or four companions. Such a favourable opportunity to secure their foe proved irresistible to the English, 200 of whom, under Salkeld's leadership, were riding down the opposite bank of the Liddel. They crossed, seized Kinmont in spite of his protestations, and bore him away prisoner to the Castle of Carlisle.

When Buccleuch received news of this treachery he was hotly indignant, but made every lawful effort to obtain redress. In turn he appealed to Salkeld, as deputy; to Lord Scroope, the English Warden, and to King James, but without result. Finally he determined to act for himself, and the ballad tells how he effected the rescue of Kinmont Willie.

How much of the ballad is original and how much it owes to the wizard wand of Sir Walter Scott will probably never be known. All that Scott himself says on the subject is that, "This ballad is preserved by tradition on the West Borders, but much mangled by reciters, so that some conjectured emendations have been absolutely necessary to render it intelligible."

The ballad consists of forty-six stanzas, a selection from which will briefly tell the story, and serve as an example of the pithy style in which it is related.

O have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde ?
 O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope ?
 How they have ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
 On Hairibee to hang him up ?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
 But twenty men as stout as he,
 Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
 Wi' eight score in his cumpanie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
 They tied his hands behind his back ;
 They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
 And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

They led him thro' the Liddel-rack,
 And also thro' the Carlisle sands ;
 They brought him to Carlisle castell,
 To be at my Lord Scroope's command.

.
 Now word is gane to the bauld keeper,
 In Branksome Ha', where that he lay,
 That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
 Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
 He garr'd the red wine spring on hie—
 "Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
 "But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be !

O is my basnet a widow's eurch ?
 Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree ?
 Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand,
 That an English lord shoud lightly me ?

.
 O were there war between the lands,
 As well I wot that there is none,
 I would slight Carlisle castell high,
 Tho' it were builded of marble stone.
 I would set that castell in a low,
 And sloken it with English blood !
 There's nevir a man in Cumberland
 Should ken where Carlisle castell stood."

Thereupon follows an account of the gathering and marshalling of the marchmen, and their journey across the Border—

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cros'd ;
The water was great and meikle of spait,
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

Leaving their steeds by the river side, lest by neighing they should alarm the garrison, they reach the Castle wall, in a storm of “wind and weet, and fire and sleet,” which prevents their detection. They scale the outer wall, surprise the sentinels, and force their way to

. the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
“O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die ?”
“O I sleep saft, and I wake a'ft ;
It's long since sleeping was fleyed frae me !
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' guude fellows that speer for me.”

They carry Kinmont Willie out of the Castle to the river bank, Lord Scroope and “a thousand men” following in hot pursuit.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

.
All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane ;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When thro' the waters he had gane.

“ He is either himself a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be ;
I wad na have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie.”

The place where Buccleuch and his band crossed the Eden would be from about where Hyssop Holme Well now

is. In the ballad it is called “the Staneshaw-bank,” which has been read to mean Stanwix-bank, but in a contemporaneous MS. it is given as “the Stoniebank beneath Cairleill brig;” the crossing being made to “the syde of a little water or burne that they call Caday.” Is it possible that the Scaur at that point may then have been known as “the Stoniebank?” Such a name may have descended to it from the ruins of the Roman Wall, which there came down to the bridge over the river. Camden, who visited Carlisle a few years later, says he saw “mighty stones” across the Eden, and this mention lends colour to the surmise.

As regards the authorship of this ballad, one would fain believe that it sprang from him who

. . . lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier.

Professor Veitch, in his “History and Poetry of the Scottish Border,” records a tradition that once when Wat of Harden's wife, the Flower of Yarrow, was watching his return from a raid over the Border, she heard the wailing of a child among the spoils brought home. Her heart yearned over the babe, whom she herself nurtured, and who in later life blossomed into minstrelsy, as described in Leyden's lines just quoted.

CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS.

The “Minstrelsy” contains a ballad telling an adventure of another Armstrong of Gilnockie, who for distinction's sake was called Christie's Will, and whom Scott describes as being the very last Border freebooter of any note. Christie's Will owed his life to the Earl of Traquair, who interceded for him when he was held prisoner in Jedburgh, for, as Will said, stealing two

tethers, or halters; which, however, on further interroga-tion, he admitted held two delicate colts at the end of them. The “Minstrelsy” ballad has no connection with Carlisle, but in a prefatory note there is related a feat by Christie’s Will, which has inspired a modern ballad.

During the troubles of Charles I with his Parliament, the Earl of Traquair remained faithful to the King, to whom on one occasion it was necessary that a packet containing important papers should be transmitted from Scotland. This was a difficult task, as the Parliamentary leaders did their utmost to prevent any communication between the King and his Scottish friends. Traquair entrusted the duty to Christie’s Will, who safely conveyed the papers to the King, and received an answer to be delivered to Traquair. But in the meantime discovery of his embassy had been made, and Cromwell had dispatched orders to intercept him at Carlisle. Accordingly, as soon as he began to pass the old long, high and narrow bridge which then crossed the Eden at Carlisle, he found a party of Parliamentary soldiers lying in wait for him at the Stanwix end of the bridge, while his retreat was cut off by another detachment. He at once spurred his horse over the parapet into the Eden, which was in high flood, swam down the river, took ground about where Buccleuch crossed when rescuing Kinmont Willie, was chased by the troopers as far as the River Esk, which he swam, and then, from the northern side, invited his pursuers to come through and drink with him. After this taunt he proceeded on his journey, and faithfully accomplished his mission.

CHRISTIE’S WILL’S RIDE.

“These for Traquair in the North Countrie:
Ride, ride, and better ride!”
“Faith! in the Yerl’s hands sune they’ll be,
Or thae cutlugged loons may flay my hide!”

Straight for the North rade Christie's Will,
 Till he drew up rein by Carlisle gate :
 "What seek ye here, ye limb o' the de'il,
 Wha ride sae fast, and ride sae late?"

"For the King! for the King I ride wi' speed ;
 Quick wi' your gate, and let me through :
 Sma' time for mysel' and my naig to feed
 Ere I take the road up Stanwick Brow!"

To make him welcome they a' were fain,
 To meat and to drink they set him down,
 Sae when he mounted his horse again
 The sun had sunk ower the auld red town.

The sun had sunk, but the bright moon shone
 As down the Ricker-gate he hied,
 And when to Carlisle Sands he'd won
 A score o' Cromwell's men he spied.

They spurred on fast, they blew their horn,
 But Will was not to bind or hold ;
 Black Jock just nicker't fra' his corn—
 A better naig there ne'er was foaled.

"Now Jock, my lad ! For hame—for hame !
 There's nought like hame for me and thee!"
 But when to the crown o' the brig they came
 Will doubted that hame he might never see.

From Stanwick side ten mounted men
 Spurred quickly down to stop the way ;
 From the Carlisle Sands there rade twice ten :
 Between them Will had been their prey.

They thought they had him in their net,
 They drew in rein and slacked their speed ;
 "There's twa ways home—we'll win there yet :
 Come, Jock ! thoo's aye been gude at need!"

He's turned his naig the tither gate,
 And ower the wa' he's loupt him clean;
 'Twas weel that Eden ran high in spate
 Or a rickle o' banes they baith had been.

Dumfounded the troopers glowert an' gaped,
 As Jock wi' Will swam down the stream :
 "Lo ! from our snare hath he escaped ?
 Or peradventure do we dream ?"

At Staniebank Will took the ground,
 Then turned for hame right cheerilie ;
 The naig kenned weel where he was bound,
 Nae need for spur to gar him flee.

Fast on his heels the troopers came ;
 He took them ower the King's Moor Hill ;
 "Ye'se hae your cappies or we're hame—
 Follow wha can !" cried Christie's Will.

He's jinkit east, he's jinkit wast,
 Through hagg and moss he's led the way,
 And lang ere Rowklie Marsh was past
 Maist feck o' the loons were gane astray.

Esk water ran baith wide and strang,
 To breist the spate Jock wasna' sweer,
 Sae when the laggards rade alang
 Will cried to them a parting jeer :

"'Od sake ! we've had a bonnie ride,
 And surely ye maun a' be dry ;
 But, gin ye'll soom to this ither side,
 O' maut ye'll find a gude supply !"

They turned aboot, and hameward rade,
 Without ae word o' gude or ill ;
 But aft, as on their way they gaed,
 They cursed their ride wi' Christie's Will.

THE LOCHMABEN HARPER.

“The Lochmaben Harper” gives a humorous variation from the general method of raiding and reiving—

O heard ye na o’ the silly blind Harper,
How long he lived in Lochmaben town ?
And how he wad gang to fair England,
To steal the Lord Warden’s Wanton Brown ?

But first he gaed to his gude wyfe,
Wi’ a’ the haste that he could thole—
“This wark,” quo’ he, “will ne’er gae weel,
Without a mare that has a foal.”

Quo’ she—“Thou hast a gude grey mare,
That can baith lance o’er laigh and hie ;
Sae set thee on the grey mare’s back,
And leave the foal at hame wi’ me.”

When he reaches Carlisle he is warmly welcomed by the Warden, and his mare is stabled alongside the herse which he seeks to “convey.” Having harped and carped “till a’ the nobles were fast asleep,” he crept to the stable, and taking out a halter with which he had come provided—

He slipt it ower the Wanton’s nose,
And tied it to his grey mare’s tail.

As soon as the mare was set free, she galloped home to her foal, bearing with her the Warden’s Wanton Brown. When morning dawned, and their loss was discovered, the cunning auld Harper lamented—

“In Scotland I hae lost a braw cowt foal,
In England they’ve stown my gude grey mare !”

But they comforted him with the promise—

“Weel payd soll thy cowt foal be,
And thou soll have a far better mare.”

Then aye he harped, and aye he carped ;
Sae sweet were the harping he let them hear !
He was paid for the foal he had never lost,
And three times ower for the gude grey mare.

THE SUN SHINES FAIR ON CARLISLE WALL.

Sir Walter Scott's song with a burden, "The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall," is familiar to every one. Its burden was suggested to him by a beautiful old ballad, which runs thus—

She leaned her head against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 And there she has her young babe born,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

"Smile no sae sweet, my bonnie babe,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 An ye smile sae sweet ye'll smile me dead,"
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

.
 She's howket a grave by the light o' the moon,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 And there she's buried her sweet babe in,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

As she was going to the church,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 She saw a sweet babe in the porch,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

"O bonnie babe, an ye were mine,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 I'd clead you in silk and sabelline—" "
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

"O mother mine, when I was thine,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 To me ye were na half sae kind,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

But now I'm in the heavens hie,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 And ye have the pains o' hell to dree," "
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

JACOBITE BALLADS.

O PATTISON ! OHON ! OHON !

In the rebellion of 1745, Carlisle occupied a prominent place, and round it cluster memories of heroic devotion to the young Chevalier and the tragic consequences which followed. But the song which is most intimately associated with the life of the city at that period is in a lighter vein, and has immortalised the name of a leading citizen which might otherwise before now have found oblivion. When, on the 10th of November, 1745, Prince Charles Edward appeared, and his army of Highlanders surrounded the city, he addressed to the Mayor a letter demanding its surrender. Up till Michaelmas of that year the Mayor had been Mr. Henry Aglionby, junior, who lived in the country, and had as his deputy one Thomas Pattinson. The new Mayor, Mr. Backhouse, would appear to have been of a retiring spirit; at all events Pattinson continued to exercise the active duties of the office. To quote from the “London Gazette” containing his report to the Lord-Lieutenant in London of the call for capitulation and its reception, he said—

That he (the Mayor) had returned no Answer thereto, but by firing the Cannon upon them : That the said Pretended Prince, the Duke of Perth, with several other Gentlemen, lay within a Mile or two of the City ; but that their whole Army was, at the time of dispatching the above Advice, marched for Brampton, seven miles on the high Road for Newcastle.

This was a perfectly truthful statement of what had taken place up till the time of Pattinson making his report, and both at Carlisle and London there were great rejoicings. When, however, Prince Charles Edward found that General Wade had doubled on his track, and returned to Newcastle, he again laid siege to Carlisle ; and, as the miserable provision for its defence which had been made by the Government was quite inadequate for a

successful resistance, the city had to be surrendered. Of the necessity for such surrender there was no doubt, and it was vouched for in a document signed by the principal inhabitants, including Mr. Backhouse (the Mayor) and Chancellor Waugh, but strangely enough not by Pattinson. The blackening of Pattinson's memory was largely due to the accounts of affairs given by Chancellor Waugh and his correspondents; and, as there had been long-existing enmity between the Chancellor and Pattinson, this testimony must be received with caution. That he had considerable force of character is shown by the power which he exercised in the Corporation at a time when among the aldermen were numbered Lord Lonsdale, Sir James Lowther, Mr. Aglionby, senior, and other gentlemen of standing; and, unless he had been a man of probity, the younger Mr. Aglionby, when Mayor, would scarcely have nominated him as his deputy.

The surrender of the city naturally caused great exultation in the ranks of the rebels, and this drew from a Jacobite bard the ballad in ridicule of Pattinson, which has preserved his name for posterity. It contained these stanzas—

The blue-cap lads, with belted plaids,
 Syne scampered o'er the Border,
And bold Carlisle, in noble style,
 Obeyed their leader's order.

O Pattison ! ohon ! ohon !
 Thou wonder of a Mayor !
Thou blest thy lot thou wert no Scot
 And blustered like a player.

What hast thou done with sword or gun
 To baffle the Pretender ?
Of mouldy cheese and bacon-grease
 Thou much more fit defender.

O front of brass and brain of ass
 With heart of hare compounded,
How are thy boasts repaid with costs
 And all thy pride confounded !

Thou need'st not rave lest Scotland crave
 Thy kindred or thy favour ;
 Thy wretched race can give no grace,
 No glory thy behaviour.

CARLISLE YETTS.

The mournful events which followed upon the Chevalier's unhappy attempt have found many echoes in song. Of these one of the most touching is Allan Cunningham's "Carlisle Yetts"—

White was the rose in his gay bonnet
 As he faulded me in his broached plaidie ;
 His hand, whilk clasped the truth o' love,
 O it was ay in battle readie !
 His lang, lang hair in yellow hanks
 Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddie ;
 But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts
 In dripping ringlets soiled and bluidie.

My father's blood's in that flower-tap,
 My brother's in that harebell's blossom ;
 This white rose was steeped in my love's blood,
 An' I'll ay wear it in my bosom.

When I came first by merry Carlisle,
 Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming ;
 The White Rose flaunted owre the wall,
 The thirstled banners far were streaming !
 When I came next by merry Carlisle,
 O sad, sad seemed the town an' eerie !
 The auld, auld men came out an' wept,
 "O maiden, come ye to seek yere dearie ?"

There's ae drop o' blude atween my breasts,
 An' twa in my links o' hair sae yellow ;
 The tane I'll ne'er wash, an' the tither ne'er kame,
 But I'll sit an' pray aneath the willow.
 Wae, wae upon that cruel heart,
 Wae, wae upon that hand so bluidie ;
 Which feasts in our richest Scottish blude,
 An' makes sae mony a youthful widow

II.

CARLISLE IN STORY.

As regards Carlisle in story, it may at once be said that, with the notable exception of Sir Walter Scott, no novelist of the first rank has used the city as a background for his pictures. Thackeray's nearest approach to it is in "*A Shabby Genteel Story*," where he speaks of "the village of Gretna, near Carlisle;" and it is as a place where post-horses are changed in runaway flights that it mostly finds mention in the books of lesser writers.

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES.

There is, however, in Dickens's "*Lazy Tour of two Idle Apprentices*," a sketch of how the city appeared to his observant eye towards the end of the 'fifties. In September, 1857, Dickens, along with Wilkie Collins, set out on an expedition which included the climbing of Carrock Fell, his ambition to do so having been fired by mention of it in "*The Beauties of England and Wales*" as "a gloomy old mountain 1,500 feet high." Carrying out the idea of the title of the book Collins is designated as "Thomas Idle" and Dickens as "Francis Goodchild."

Carlisle ! Idle and Goodchild had got to Carlisle. It looked congenially and delightfully idle. Something in the way of public amusement had happened last month, and something else was going to happen before Christmas ; and, in the meantime, there was a lecture on India for those who liked it, which Idle and Goodchild did not. Likewise, by those who liked them, there were impressions to be bought of all the vapid prints, going and gone, and of nearly all the vapid books. For those who wanted to put anything in missionary boxes, here were the boxes.

The working young men of Carlisle were drawn up, with their hands in their pockets, across the pavements, four and six abreast, and appeared (much to the satisfaction of Mr. Idle)

to have nothing else to do. The working and growing young women of Carlisle, from the age of twelve upwards, promenaded the streets in the cool of evening, and rallied the said young men. Sometimes the young men rallied the young women, as in the case of a group gathered round an accordion player; from among whom a young man advanced behind a young woman for whom he appeared to have a tenderness, and hinted to her that he was there and playful, by giving her (he wore clogs) a kick.

On market morning Carlisle woke up amazingly, and became (to the two Idle Apprentices) disagreeably and reproachfully busy. There were its cattle market, its sheep market, and its pig market down by the river, with rawboned and shock-headed Rob Roys hiding their Lowland dresses beneath heavy plaids, prowling in and out among the animals, and flavouring the air with fumes of whiskey. There was its corn market down the main street, with hum of chaffering over open sacks. There was its general market in the street too, with heather brooms on which the purple flower still flourished, and heather baskets, primitive and fresh to behold. With women trying on clogs and caps at open stalls, and Bible stalls adjoining. . . . Through all these bargains and blessings, the recruiting-sergeant watchfully elbowed his way, a thread of War in the peaceful skein.

THE SHADOW OF A CRIME.

Although a considerable part of the action in Mr. Hall Caine's novel "The Shadow of a Crime," by which book he first made his name, takes place in Carlisle, his local colour is disappointing. It has neither the interest which attaches to contemporaneous observation, nor the accuracy of even moderately careful research; and indeed would seem to have been derived from a walk round the modern city, guide-book in hand. Names of streets and places are brought in with a glibness which to strangers gives an air of verisimilitude, but which to those who know the locality is simply irritating. For instance, one of his characters wanders through Blackfriars Street, past the

gaol that stood on the ruins of the monastery, along Abbey Street and past the Cathedral, across Head Lane into the Market Place again; then along the banks of the Caldew and over the western wall; round Shaddon Gate to the bridge that lay under the shadow of the Castle, and up to the River Eden and Scotch Gate. Such a peregrination could only be made in a nightmare. As regards the gaol, the only one which Carlisle possessed in 1660 was a small house over the Scotch Gate, the Castle dungeons being used for the greater criminals.

Mr. Caine brings Robbie Anderson into Carlisle, and takes him out again by the Botcher Gate; being evidently under the impression that "gate" in Botchergate refers to an opening in the wall. There can, however, be little doubt that this application of the word alike in Botcher-gate, Rickergate and Caldewgate, arises from coincidence, and that it originally meant a way or road. It is recorded that towards the end of the fourteenth century a fire consumed 1,500 houses in Castle-gate, Richard-gate, and Botchard-gate, three of the principal streets in the city; and at the same period Fisher Street was known as Fisher-gate.

The names of some of the characters in "*The Shadow of a Crime*" look strange in their seventeenth century setting. Wilfrey Lawson seems all right as Sheriff, although his status is questionable, and his official duties are rather mixed; but Robbie Anderson is before his time, and Scroope is hardly recognisable as a bailiff.

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

William Black has many allusions to Carlisle, as he conveys his characters to and from his beloved Western Highlands, but he rarely brings them outside of the railway station. Black's "*Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*,"

however, contains a short description of Carlisle in 1872. It will be remembered that this book records a driving journey made from London to Scotland, through the most beautiful country; and, interwoven with the word painting in which its author excelled, runs a delightful little love story.

The party drove into "merry Carlisle" while the lamps were lit in the twilight, and numbers of people were in the street; and they put up at an hotel abutting on the railway station. Black depicts Carlisle as "the red old city that is set amid beautiful green meadows interlaced with streams," and waxes eloquent about the landscape viewed from the heights of the Castle. They leave for Gretna, and the docile husband who narrates the story proceeds—

We drove down by the green meadows, and over the Eden bridge. We clambered up the hill opposite, and drove past the suburban villas there. We had got so much accustomed to sweet perfumes floating to us from the hedgerows and the fields, that we at first did not perceive that certain specially pleasant odours were the product of some large nurseries close by.

Happy travellers! who thus journeyed while there was still a chance of inhaling air unmixed with dust, and of in-breathing the scent of flowers untainted with the fumes of petrol.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

But the Carlisle enshrined in story by Sir Walter Scott is altogether different from these and the like transitory visions. He saw the ancient city veiled behind the pearly mists of romance; to him it was the "Carlisle fair and free" of King Arthur's court; the "merry Carlisle" of his own freebooting ancestors; the "sad, sad town and eerie" of the Young Chevalier and his devoted Highlanders.

Reference has already been made to the Arthurian story in “The Bridal of Triermain;” and in “The Lay of the Last Minstrel” Scott tells how

Nine and twenty knights of fame,
Nine and twenty squires of name,
Nine and twenty yeomen tall,

kept watch and ward for the Lord of Buccleuch,

Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy’s powers,
Threaten Branksome’s lordly towers,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

It was one of this armed train, Sir William of Deloraine, who, scorning book-lore, exclaimed—

Letter or line know I never a one,
Wer’t my neck-verse at Hairibee—

the verse in question being the “Miserere” opening of the 51st Psalm, which was read by criminals claiming benefit of clergy.

THE TWO DROVERS.

It was at Carlisle, too, that the unfortunate Robin Oig stood his trial for slaying his friend Harry Wakefield, while smarting under a blow which his Highland blood could not brook. The description of the assize trial, as given in “The two Drovers,” would appear to have been drawn from one which Scott had witnessed. In his character of narrator he writes—“I was myself present, and as a young Scottish lawyer, or barrister at least, and reputed a man of some quality, the politeness of the Sheriff of Cumberland offered me a place on the bench.”

REDGAUNTLET.

Carlisle has no part in the action of “Redgauntlet,” although this approaches very near to the city; the “Fair-ladies” of the tale, where Charles Edward, disguised as Father Buonaventure, lay concealed, being identified with

Drumburgh Castle; and Job Crackenthorp's public house on the Solway, where the projected conspiracy for rebellion was broken up, being easily recognised as Sandsfield.

Is it possible that our Cumbrian bard, “Blind Stagg the fiddler,” can have been the prototype of Wandering Willie, who figures so prominently in this tale? Stagg made frequent excursions over the Border, fiddling at such entertainments as the dance at Brokenburn; and it is quite likely that Scott and he may have met. If they did, Sir Walter picked up from him none of his vernacular, for all the attempts made by Scott at the Cumberland dialect were strangely futile. Indeed he makes his Cumbrian peasants talk like stage Yorkshiremen; but it is dangerous for a man to meddle with dialect unless it is his native speech. Stagg, on the other hand, brought back with him several Scottish words, which are incorporated in his poems.

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

Harraby Brow is fated to loom dark in Scott's romances. It was there that Jeanie Deans, in “The Heart of Midlothian,” on her journey homeward from London, saw Meg Murdockson “in the act of undergoing the fatal punishment from which Jeanie's beloved sister had been so recently rescued.” And it was in a muddy pool of the Petteril hard by, where poor Madge Wildfire received that cruel treatment from an ignorant mob, which resulted in her death in the Workhouse at Carlisle.

WAVERLEY.

It is, however, in “Waverley,” as being the place of the confinement and the barbarous execution of the unhappy Fergus Mac-Ivor, that Carlisle in story will be longest remembered.

In depicting the character and fate of Fergus Mac-Ivor, Scott had in mind the career of Major Donald

Macdonald, of Tyendrish, who was tried and executed at Carlisle for participation in the '45 rebellion. His place of confinement was a mural chamber in the keep of Carlisle Castle, which is still shown to visitors. In the novel, Flora Mac-Ivor is described as staying in "the house of a respectable Catholic family near Carlisle," and this runs parallel with the fact that the sister of Major Macdonald sojourned at Warwick Hall whilst the fate of her brother was pending.

Fergus Mac-Ivor's trial, which was little more than a matter of form, would take place in the Town Hall, where the prisoners from the 1715 rebellion were also tried; on which occasion the provident Mayor and Corporation erected a gallery for spectators, who were admitted on a payment of sixpence each.

In "*Waverley*" the brutalities which attended the penalty for high treason are partly graphically described, partly suggested; the delivery of the prisoners to the High Sheriff and his attendants, who stay "before the gate of the Castle to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombich"; the black sledge or hurdle, bearing the executioner with his broad axe, waiting to receive his victims; the gloomy procession to the strains of a funeral march which mingle with the sound of a muffled peal tolled from the Cathedral tower; all those are described, but mercifully the relation stops there.

The next morning ere daylight Waverley took leave of the town of Carlisle, promising to himself never again to enter its walls. He dared hardly look back towards the Gothic battlements of the fortified gate under which he passed, for the place is surrounded with an old wall. "They're no there," said Alick Polwarth, who guessed the cause of the dubious look which Waverley cast backward. "The heads are ower the Scotch yate."

A mournful ending; yet a fitting close to this rambling review of life in and around our Border city as chronicled in story and ballad. For the most part, these

form a record of rapine and bloodshed, of desperate deeds and cruel reprisals, following each other in a gloomy monotony, only fitfully lightened up here and there by flashes of savage humour. And yet, to all true Borderers, these traditions have a strange fascination. The memory of those days when his ancestors buckled on their armour, and followed Dacre, or Scroope, or Belted Will, in their many forays northward, still stirs the heart of the Cumbrian. And who is there among us from the Scottish side but would be proud to know that in his veins ran blood inherited from one of Kinmont's gallant rescuers, even though that pride were chastened by the thought that some of his rude sires may have taken their last look at " sweet Liddesdale " from the fatal hill of Hairibee?

The sad, mad, bad days are gone for ever. When the mouldering walls which shut in the city were razed to the ground a century ago, that act might have been emblematical of the changes which were to come. Beneath the fragmentary remains of those walls mighty engines speed unceasingly, like giant shuttles plying athwart the loom of progress; their warp and weft bringing welfare and prosperity into our midst.

Much as these and other marvels of twentieth century civilisation would have astonished our forebears from the other side of the Border, perhaps nothing would to them have seemed more incredible than that, during this year of grace, 1911, the chief ruler in the stronghold of their ancient enemies should be a Scott, soon to be succeeded by a Johnstone of Lochmaben. For one of the ancient bye-laws of Carlisle ran—

That no unchartered Scotts shall dwell within this city, or the liberties thereof, upon pain and forfeiture of all his or their goods, and punishment of their bodies at the Mayor's pleasure ; and he or she that rests or keeps them, shall forfeit for every offence 6s. 8d.

Thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.

TRADITIONAL

BALLAD TUNES

TRADITIONAL

ADAM BELL.



HUGHIE THE GRAEME.



HOBBIE NOBLE.



DICK O' THE COW.

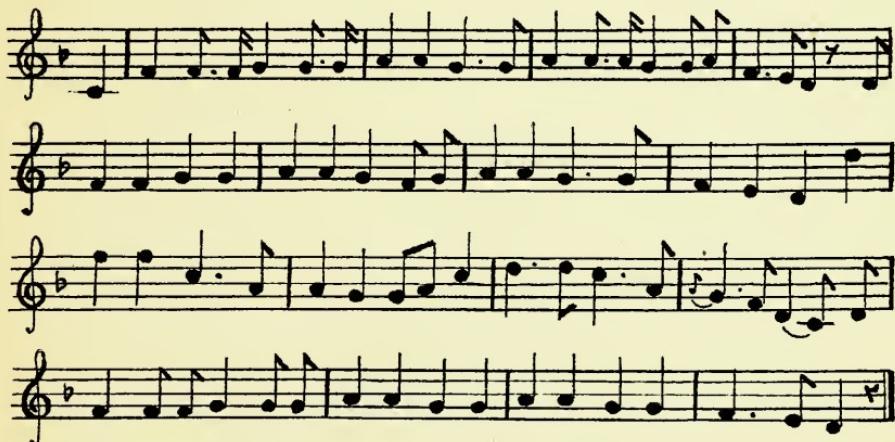


BALLAD TUNES

GRAEME AND BEWICKE.



KINMONT WILLIE.



THE LOCHMABEN HARPER.



